



English-men for my money: or,

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,
But sirra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?
Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

Walg. A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:
Should I can scarce begin to speake to her,
But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,
Able to shadow *Powles*, it is so great.

Well, tis no matter, sirrs, this is his House,
Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;
Ile, sbloud I will, though I be hanged for it,

Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:
You are too hastie, *Pisaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes heere?

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom, *Anthony* our friend?
Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?
Can she loue *Ned*? how doth she like my sute?
Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?

Harru. Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

Antho. The newes for me is badd; and this it is:
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

Heigh. Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

Harru. Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

Antho.

A Woman will haue her will.

Antho. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues.

Walg. The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister
And begge thy pardon.

Antho. Oh, that cannot be,
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me;
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be:
Their father is abroad, they three at home,
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

Antho. *Pisaro* did coinmaund *Frisco* his man,
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French-man* and Musitian,
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,
He will inquire of you of his affayres;
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you espide,
Fit for his purpose; then discribe this Cloake,
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,
Least beeing discride: Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

Enter Frisco the Clowne.

Wal. How now sirra, whither are you going?

Fris. Whither am I going, how shall I tell you; when I
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

